Inordinal

By Shomit Sirohi

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All those Stories called Many Stories

I. I was a Poet

In fact I was a poet, who spent his life, reading literature. I was a pianist, in years after training in philosophy. I even believed in poetry, it is mathematical. I mean in Spanish, and French that I also learnt, Ilaan this is, he was just the man a lot of women felt. Like a opera, Ilaan reflects women, as his reverse. But in the sense then of the opera - Je’va - which means a man who is developing a process on music, and his women lovers who are poetically praising him. This becomes a transcendental which though is minimal and maximal - like an appearance. It means that then, what is the appearance of poems - something like a infinite process unfolds in Je’va. The women are all poetic and philosophers in fact, and Jerome, now Ilaan is in fact also a poet and philosopher. Here in the Spanish tradition of things, it is not history or economics at all, but poetry, and only its processes. It is inadmissible all this French stuff, Borges pleaded for a

moment - it is that beautiful poetry. Borges, argues that poetry is learnt when one admits Mathematics and poetry. A course he prepared in fact to teach it.

A poet meets Lorca - who is destined to meet him. That is Je’va. A simple poem which is complex which means many people are finding their office, job or even money and are all around, and even that it is like a economic company which is working at their choice of work - all of that is the French, busy proving Marx - that life is mathematical in the economic sense then - that there is in economics, also scales and production and even creative production and aesthetics. But for us in Spain, it is just poetry - which becomes about poetry, like Lorca reflects Ilaan - that process there of buildings and people going to taxis, or buses and our walking around is economics - that there is a lot of poems then in following just the process of series, indirect

gatherings and in fact what is poetic - the more Poetic Marx - that Marxist formalism - where he says generally it is tropes the whole thing about business - that stuff.

A. Index of Spanish Poetry

In fact that there is a Spanish poetic section in the Biblioteca, where one found the simple meaning of Spanish poetry and the French poem - indiscernible, scientific and pure. It is the ideal-type of what is called rubbish.

That then poetry proves that ideal-types should be followed, - not just a Madrid building and companies and all that but Zara argues its infinity.

Ilaan argues in Spanish then he translates this, “le pregunta esta la promotion de la forma de infinidad en la sexo, y la prueba de totalisation due la

vida y la formas esta infinidad, en el sentido de la Cultura, o Historia, y la totalidad de formas, que estan como musica y dyanimcas que es puro.”

II. Borges teaches Poetry

At first it is a story which is personal, about Lorca and his lover, but also Lautremaunt, the French woman needs more money, a capitalist amount in fact and then comes the process of Ilaan - who is busy working on this process. As Belano is then teaching he means Spanish and French where in the language there is infinity, you get that - infinity exists - they mean in a manner of speaking, it can be cheap stuff infinity - in a poem infinity is just in fact personal.

III. Homer and Vigil

The process is generalised, and poetic - the poem of Lorca, Lautremaunt and Ilaan is then generalised, which means generally the case - it just the poem that matters therefore. Imagine that this then becomes a construction of all aspects.

IV. A Process therefore is Infinite, what does it mean to live?

So in fact Ilaan proves that we are traversed by infinity, all that matters then is my company, just that side - our process.

Part II Rayuelismo

I. In fact then she lives at my house, and opposite

We are swinging at times, swimming at times, and even dancing in quarters format which means a certain cannabis formalism.

II. Speaking to Her on the Phone

On in fact insistence, she calls. And we spoke a whole lot of us, a lot. We mean this as poetry - that can you imagine, that in the whole world, there was just us, talking with Jewish people and philosophers - only we matter to each other, that we meant was the whole process being depicted again and again in all the ways which was so poetic finally. We have been through the worst. Why, I am currently going delusional. When everything was infinity. In French then ‘la delusion este le from du un Infiniti que es la process du le humanism que es le forme de un distress en un femme, que es finalmaunte un doctoral crises que es resolver a la science du

poesia solo, y perhaps le psychoanalysis. Tu le vide este un professor que set le forme du le vi en distress que es infini en theologie, le forme de Infiniti en le distress. Entendu?”

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III. Rayuelismo

Ilaan talks to Belano - is it then just rayuelismo the thing about it. Belano argues in fact yes, in fact yes. That at one point in Section I and Part I there was a discussion on pianos and poetry as infinite, and then in Part II there was a phone call, and then in fact here in this section again, there is a repetition called the simple moves - un, dos, tres. In fact

tres, Belano argues. That the first step is moving forward to the game which is running, in Jewish games, and then in Rayuelismo cycling which then comes back home and in the middle talks about it the same way. Which all means at another point, I was in fact busy reading about it. Yes - it proves, un, dos y tres as not any three steps which is poetic - but majorly three steps in a game called Hopscotch, or perhaps in a game called De-la- which mean first two steps and then a third across - which means long steps - long period between your house the hospital, its diagnosis and simply following then a detour to literature as the truth which then can be anything.

A. Steps in the Small Notebook of a Construction

He first walks up and down, is delusional, or even crazy, and then he sits down, and then he proves it. After all, it was the fucking dance which led to this, which

also meant that in the process of the drinking and walking there is a divine process. I meant sit down on the bed, as you search for a construction which then is the process in the section of the geometric compass drawing of a figure which becomes this - I meant which in another form, becomes the process of this walk and that sitting and that acting which is then a compass of the simple movement which is dance. I meant just this then is the simple meaning of then games. It is just the spiritual games which is what then means as I walk out and sit on the staircase and smoke, that is then a process of meeting a person who is following me, which goes there then and comes back - which is scientific. But then there is poetry that the process is also funky man drawings which prove that the illusion of imbibition or such crises are finally cured by smoking lemon cigarettes, which I did and it helped, which also proves it is spiritual Hebrew

processes that then organise the process of sets.

Part IV - a Construction in Organic Spanish Cathedral

I. Claire, a Meditation on Spandrels of Architecture - Convolute I

Just a meditation on the nature of things, being in fact a simple infinite process. Just that work on the spandrels of sitting and writing, even finally having a sexual conversation.

II. Arches, - the meditation of Hallene

In fact the process also has an open arch, of in fact women which are sexually dancing, towards Ilaan - the development of Je’va.

III. Organic Natural Colours of A Building - the Meditation of Ilaan with the Convolute II

In fact then there is also the organic spiritual activity, of the bed cover, and sex process which then is the basis of the discovery, sleep, and its simple journey towards the bed cover and sex dialectic which is then in a Rayuela the process of one act. It means here we act.

IV. All the developments of the History of the Meditation process by Natalia - Convoluted Process III with Arches I

And so in fact Natalia goes to the free process of the Arches as in fact the process of a photographer named Ilaan who takes photographs of them in this style he calls - Le Miserable. But is also Spanish entirely in the sense of experimentalism at its highest - like judging the cloth to be a miracle of cinema.

That natural lighting goes with the process of in fact cinema.

Part V - The Part about Merav

I. Merav in the House

In fact Merav studies the process better, and is a follower of Ilaan, as Belano is busy walking in the Spanish section of Buenos Aires which is full of staircases

and old houses, which then was a Skating Rink in the case of Thailand with Tadana, and then of course here it is cheap housing which is hotels which then has a small swimming pool at the back. So that then Belano argues is infinity, as Merav is busy smoking and discussing Ilaan's love for women. Ilaan is now reverse to the intellectuals and the part is just that. It is about Merav intervening in the process of infinity called Ilaan and the women, its other infinity is philosophers and intellectuals like Merav - and that is the cathedral he meant - a small number of steps or houses or people reflecting each other. As Ilaan is busy with the cha cha cha process.

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Part VI.

I. The Act of Watching Television as News

In fact then Ilaan is busy in the process of watching television in his experimental sense of a depiction of the chair and book process of reflecting on his own invention. He then realises that in fact the process is relating to the previous session in Paharganj where he was dancing to infinity, and experiencing the sexual aspect of life. He then meant that he was fine. He rises up like Pascal and walks out and celebrates. He means infinity is still a process of in fact admiring success more than defeat and that is Buddhist metaphysics. He can tell that the long recovery is also about, as he begins to call people on the phone and start partying. The women are busy being told to go to the discotheque and

he is at his best downstairs admiring the lights and listening to creative rap music, and happy. That means the highest Freudian award.

II. A Process of Oliviera Macana

Oliviera Macana then begins in Buenos Aires to cook in his house all that was then in another day, Ilaan with Milner who was busy describing the free process of infinity as also with the process he meant was cooking. Which then means Freud is daily life stuff afterall. Like cooking, as Jewish people are in Israel cooking.

III. The Party

In fact then they meet, the girls pick him up from the Cordoba section of life and

meet him while he was busy regretting the meeting, they kiss and walk around.

Part VII.

I. She was walking and dancing in a party

In fact she was walking and dancing, forwards and backwards, through the constellation, of in fact I Ilaan who was imitating the movements and asking her to. The modelling section was getting ready as well, to do something like a festive evening, and music was rap, and then black women were doing the same, which then became a police following we got, for our achievements of following only the ideal-type. We believed in mathematics, which is being followed in creative forms of Freudian art we meant.

II. I am in the process of television dancing

We were watching news, and dancing through it, and listening to images of infinity, and even following the process closely for all its Argentine Spanish takes. We then re-edited it to the Madrid famous process and kept following we meant infinity. Breton’s arguments are different in nature, he thinks we should be closer to the art process at all times in fact, after the economics is proven to be correct, called infinity. So in fact I was with Borges, Breton and a few others, and even Belano who interpreted the process as strictly about art and its curation of life in a process called free.

III. Black power notations

In fact they are this creative with Ilaan, he is the Prophetic man they mean, because he is black – he is of course black he argues. And he just talks about black power – as the correct line. He is busy ‘yeah. Yeah.’ About the matter, and is only the process of in fact basketball at another level. Now he is busy doing cha-cha-cha with Penelepesa and this means her and I, who then are busy reflecting in the room. Lima is making poemic jazz notes.

Part IX. Metaphysics

I. I am Lorca

I am Lorca, and I am destined to be poor, and even delusional, and finally I ask for you to free me from this life of poverty

and even stylish modelling at cheap housing. I mean that you were true, and now we dance. Your health is perfectly Jewish, and I love that you went to Barcelona on that car and met Belano and freed me, I was in the room, when you knocked the door.

II. Le Fragmentacion

In fact the process becomes abstract and finally theoretical, when you follow French, and I am just like ‘yeah, I like that.’ And so in fact the process gets metaphysical that way. I also mean with you. Here I am crying and falling in love. I call it sexual poetry, that you are about. Ilaan is of course in a deep rendition of metaphysics, he means is the idealism of this process, that we idealise is true. But also false, it can be. I am only a poet.

III. Ballet

In fact ballet, then, this is my cure, and even my process I meant, but a different ballet. Yeah, I like that. We were all there with you Rocamadour, one girl said when she was young. I was in fact happy, listening to rap music.

IV. Pure Ideas – that Penelepesa meets Ilaan and the Women all form Il-Iliza

In fact it’s a pure idea, that we all follow the process of free lives and art while Ilaan is busy talking to Fidel even, about the infinite. He means that this is politics, this is art, this is art process.

Part X.

I. Spanish Melodies

First there is melody in life, and then tragedy, and finally the girlfriend meets the boyfriend, it can be feminist.

II. Spanish accents

We are just the process of tragedy, pure, infinite and even indiscernible. I meant I was in love, in that accent which you pick up, and I was also dressed sexually, in specific measure, for that attraction, you mean is important. Without that life is still a melody, but in fact a tragic melody, of alienation, I mean that. I mean alienation.

III. Marx as according to Ilaan and Belano

In fact Marx is the poet, and the correct choice of a philosopher. Not Hegel, that grand construction of in fact the Baroque afterall. But Marx the mathematician who is more scientific and therefore utopian. Like the process is with me then a Spanish melody which works out my friend. It all works out for the poet anyway.

IV. Spanish Sex and Conversation – Tehzeeb

In fact Zera and Alea, then come up to Ilaan and smoke and talk and signal their elan. Only you knew this, and now we are free. Afterall a lecture on empiricism is all that matters. I mean empirical to us,

we are free. We are also poetic counterparts to the process you call Il-Iliza. In fact then Ilaan is busy performing a Marsiya when he is in the house with them, he calls it acting.

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Convolutes – Indexes

I. Lorcanismo

First I was distressed, then I was happy, and that is all I know about life, economics or politics. It must be like a reflection of many people. And must be that infinite then. But my life I know, I

tell you that, it is the revelation of Lorca, my life I know, okay.

II. Lorcanismo in Cathedral Section II

Then I was in fact a learner of piano, and I was fully about instead jazz and its saxophone to be included. I found that Baroque, and it teaches me more. As Ilaan is busy with black rights discussions on the fluency of genius.

III. Valadet – Section IV of a novel

In fact then Vala is busy via the street taking a scooter in modern senses which is her scooter in Goa which is how she felt infinity is.

Part X – A Chapter on Sex and Rayuela

I. Rayuela

And so I find Lieh. Most of the time it was just a case of my putting in an appearance, going along the process of walking towards the bus stand to the arch leading into the calles in Madrid, and I would see her slender form against the olive-grey light which I was seeing many women or leaned over the iron rail looking at the floor in the balcony. It was quite natural for me to climb the steps to the bridge, go into its narrowness and over to where she stood, Penelepesa. She would smile and show no surprise, convinced as she was, the same as I, that casual meetings are apt to be just the opposite, and that people who make dates are the people who live, just as we walked in Paris once, now in Madrid we do the same, and sometimes in Buenos

Aire we are with people and in Delhi, we are just walking all through, perhaps talking about sex, which then concludes the night. I mean Madrid is full of women and so is Paris, also black women from Algiers and New York. I call all this a melody, of life.

But now she would not be on the bridge. The thin glow of her face was probably peeking into the old doorways in the Marais ghetto, or maybe she was talking to a woman who sells fried potatoes, or she might be eating a hot sausage, we bought from a store.

She tried to open your umbrella in the park in a proud sort of way, but your hand got all wrapped up in a catastrophe of cold lightning shafts and black clouds, strips of torn cloth falling from the ruins of unfrocked spokes, and we both laughed alot as we got soaked, thinking

that an umbrella found in a public square ought to die a noble death in a park and in fact slow acting as the process of in fact sexual acting. Then I rolled it up as best I could and we took it to the top of the park near the little bridge over the railroad tracks, and from there I threw it with all my might to the bottom of the gully where it landed on the wet grass as you gave out with a shout in which I thought I vaguely recognized as Pyrnees where we met Claire and formed a teaching lesson for jazz. Le di que en facte, le metafisique est un homme et un femme, una chica que hace broma.

I put things on shelves, books, unformed ideas, scripts. You used to get warm at that stove of his with its big black pipe, and you didn't like me to know that you were going to sit next to that stove. But all of this should have been said in its proper time, except that it was difficult to know what the proper time for things was, very gay, she adores yellow, her bird

is the blackbird, her time is night, her bridge is the Pont des Arts." (A must-colored péniche, Maga, and I wonder why we didn't sail off on it while there was still time.)

We had barely come to know each other when life began to plot everything necessary for us to stop meeting little by little. Since you didn't know how to fake I realized at once that in order to see you as I wanted to I would have to begin by shutting my eyes, and then at first some things like yellow stars (moving around in a velvet jelly), then red jumps of humor and time, a sudden entry into a Maga world, awkward and confused, but also with ferns signed by a Klee spider, a Miró circus, Vieira da Silva ash-mirrors, a chess world where you moved about like a knight trying to move like a rook trying to move like a bishop. In those days we used to go to art movies, while I was into modelling photography, fashion as they say.

Part II – The Part About Sex, Cannabis and Rayuelismo

Hotel Colon, in South Havana and then I stopped off here to have my wallet checked to a minimal, so I picked up wage. Wouldn't do to go back among the Spanish people in Havana, not free yet they say with the process of in fact young dancing stuff which I am calling great healthcare which I mean is randomly dancing also. Lora was in town and was sipping juice and talking and laughing, a lot of girlfriend behaviour is just that Logica she argues, going on.

Part III – Buying Grass

You could buy four ounces in any drug store. Now the druggists are balky and the Chamber of Deputies was about to pass a special Gains Law when he threw

in the towel and went back to the hills and sat there with a number of drivers and collected the normal amount called a ounce. I was getting off junk and he kept nagging me why was I kidding myself once a junkie always a junkie. If I quit junk I would become a sloppy lush or go crazy taking cocaine. One night I got lushed and bought some dreamy dancing and sexual poetry and he kept saying over and over, 'I knew you'd come home with grass. I knew it. You'll be a junkie all the rest of your life' and looking at me with his little cat smile. Junk is a cause with him. I checked into the hospital junk sick and spent four days there. They would only give me three shots of what is called sedation and I couldn't sleep from pain and heat and deprivation besides which there was a worse case in the same room with me and his friends came and stayed all day and half the night - one of them did in fact stay until midnight. Recall walking by some American women in the corridor who

looked like agrarian wives. One of them was saying, 'I don't know why but I just can't eat sweets: 'You got diabetes lady,' I said. They all whirled around and gave me an outraged stare. After checking out of the hospital , I stopped off at the U.S. Embassy. In front of the Cuban Embassy is a vacant lot with weeds and trees where women used to undress to swim in the waters of the bay-home of the feminine dance of metaphysical formalisms of some type of contemplation of cha cha cha as also a musical dance and singing process. Smell of lemon cigarette and sea water and young lust. No letters. I stopped again to buy two ounces of grass which I cut from the park. Whores and pimps and hustlers in the world follow me, for the women to free up and that becomes jazz dialectics applied everyday in search of more in fact creative answers to what is called this process I keep saying in philosophy then – all of this is a process and freedom is in it like mathematics – just three steps

– here and hospital and back or three other steps, to the girlfriend and chatting and back, and then a complex unity of PCF and PCE, even PCP and CPSU asking me to stop the joking on what is called in fact cannabis poems of dressing and style which is then translated as poet and artistic behaviour on especially spontaneity even in theatre, which I write and it is just. 'Want nice girl'!' 'Naked lady dance?' 3 ·see me fuck my sister?' No wonder food prices are high. They can't keep them down on the farm. They all want to come in Havana and settle down there and everywhere, this is Cuba they tell me. I had a magazine article with me describing a joint in Havana but actually a poor house called Laurema. This is anything goes. Outside a few parked cars, inside it a woman from somewhere, now I am in Greece coasts reading Annales.

Part IV

I wonder what a boyfriend would be like. Probably cutting films and yapping on sex and poetry and even metaphysics, Buddhist metaphysics of course.

Theatre directions –

When they say anything goes they are referring to the joint not the customers. I ran into my old friend Jones the cab driver, and bought some C off him that was cut to hell and back. I nearly suffocated myself trying to sniff enough of this crap to get a lift. Later I was holding his arm while he vomited in the car headlights, looking young and petulant with his blond hair mussed standing there in the warm Spring wind. Then we got back in the car and turned the lights off and I said, 'Let's again: And he said, 'No we shouldn't: And I said, 'Why not'!' and by then he was excited too so we did it again, and I ran my hands over his back under his tuxedo

shirt and held him against me and felt the long baby hairs of his smooth cheek against mine and he went to sleep there and it was getting light when we drove home. I was just walking and talking, and even unfolding the window and searching for her house which was then a process again, of sitting on the bed with her and talking, which was just the process of talking. I went to Breton's cinema school which I made up and shot photographs of many kinds – he told me to be a surrealist and that meant a lot of photographs interpreting each sentence. After that in the car several times and one time his family was away and we took off all our clothes and afterwards I watched him sleeping like a baby with his mouth a little open.

Finally I am waking up to television news which works and I was busy singing and bathing they say, and that was life they meant all of that was coming back home from Havana. The excessive drinking and

pubbing was called life and event. I called to me from an upstairs window was anything wrong and why didn't I come in the house. So I wiped the tears off my face and went in and said I was sick and went upstairs to bed.

Next day I went to the University to get information on Yage. All sciences are lumped in The Institute. This is a red brick building, dusty corridors, unlabeled offices mostly locked. I was then crouching under the bed and searching for a cell phone which was covering the games on it and felt that I won the game many times called a snakes game I loved.

I meant as a friend and I climbed over crates and stuffed a number of files into the car and a number of grass leaves and botanical presses. These women are continually being moved from one room to another for no discernible reason. Women rush out of offices and claim some object from the litter in the hall and

have it carried back into their offices. The porters sit around on crates smoking and greeting everybody as what they say in the beach, and women say 'Now what have they done with my cocoa? It was a new type of wild cocoa. And what is this stuffed condor doing here on my table?' Boston and Harvard unmistakebly. He introduced himself as Doctor Ilaan. He was connected with a Spanish embassy guy. I asked about cocoa and cacao here. I even met the women and had the Spaghetti and twigs in Jewish senses a lot, we cut the twigs kept boiling it, fine twig of course and ate it with white sauce. Come along and I'll show you,' he said taking one last look for his cocoa. He showed me a Yage vine which looked to be a very undistinguished sort of plant. Yes he had taken it, but ‘That's all imagination of course,' he said. I was like a narrator to the PCF on what it means to be a novelist, he also meant a poet, and this announces for them cinema of course, which I was busy sexualising,

since the history of cinema is the eroticisation of bodies and faces.

I

I was about useless things, a practice I had begun some years before in a hospital and which all seemed richer and more necessary every time since. With great effort, marshaling auxiliary images, thinking about smells and faces, I managed to extract out of nothing a pair of chestnut-colored shoes I had owned in Olavarria in 1940. They had rubber heels and very thin soles, and when it rained the water used to seep in up to my very soul. With that pair of shoes in the hand of my memory the rest came along by itself: the face of Doña Manuela, for example, or the poet Ernesto Mor-roni. But I rejected them because the game consisted in bringing back only the insignificant, the unnoticed, the forgotten. Trembling at not being able to remember, attacked by those moths

suggested by postponement, an imbecile for having kissed time, I finally saw beyond the shoes a can of Sol brand tea which my mother had given me in Buenos Aires. And the little double teaspoon, a mousetrap spoon, where little black mice were scalded alive in the cup of water as they gave off hissing bubbles. Convinced that memory keeps everything one of the most amazing wonders of this circus, and yet one can imagine a consciousness alert enough to understand that every time he lights his belly this light-bearing bug must feel some inkling of privilege. In just this way La Maga was fascinated with the strange mixups she had become involved in because of the breakdown of the laws governing her Ufe. She was one of those people who could make a bridge collapse simply by walking on it, or who could sobbingly remember having seen in a shop window the lottery ticket which had just won five million. As for me, I'm already used to the fact that quietly

exceptional things happen to me, and I don't find it too horrible when I go into a dark room looking for a record album and feel in my hand the wriggling form of a centipede who has chosen to sleep in the binding. That sort of thing. Or finding great gray or green tufts in a pack of cigarettes, or hearing the whistle of a locomotive coincide ex officio in time and pitch with a passage from a symphony by Ludwig van, or going into a pissotière. When I drop something, and it doesn't work if somebody else picks it up because the curse will still be effective. People usually think I'm crazy and I really am crazy when I do it, when I pounce on a pencil or a piece of paper which I have dropped, like the night I dropped a lump of sugar in that restaurant on the Rue Scribe, a posh place with an overload of salesmen, whores with silver foxes, and well-established married couples. We were there with Ronald and Etienne, and I dropped a lump of sugar. It landed

underneath a table some distance from ours. The first thing that had drawn my attention was how it had rolled so far away, because most often a lump of sugar will stay where it lands, obeying obvious geometrical principles. But this one took off like a mothball, heightening my worry, and I began to feel that it had actually been snatched out of my hand. Ronald knows me, and by then quite desperate and began to grab at the women's shoes to see if the lump might not be hiding under the arch of one, while the chickens cackled and the businessmen-roosters pecked me on the back. I could hear Ronald and Etienne breaking up with laughter as I moved from one table to another until I found the lump ensconced behind an Empire foot. Everybody was furious and so was I, as I held the sugar tightly in my palm and felt it dissolve in the sweat my hand gave off, as if it were some sort of mean and sticky vengeance meant to terminate another one of those

episodes that I was always getting involved in.

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II

AT first it had been like a bloodletting, being here, a flogging to be taken internally, the need to feel a stupid blue-covered passport in my coat pocket, the hotel key hung securely on its rack. Fear, ignorance, bewilderment. This is the name of this thing, that's how you ask for that thing, now that woman is going to smile, the Jardin des Plantes starts at the end of that street. Paris, a postcard with of me, unfold again after having been so alone and so in love for a moment, face to face with the eternity of her body.

At the moment, and we would go from memories of school to a plate of warmed-over noodles, mixing wine and beer and lemonade, going to the corner to buy two dozen oysters from the old woman there, playing Schubert songs on Madame Noguet's shell of a piano, or Bach preludes, or putting up with Porgy and Bess along with steak and pickles. The disorder in which we lived, or the order, rather, which saw a bidé quickly and naturally changed into a storage place for records and unanswered letters, seemed to me like some sort of necessary discipline, although I didn't care to tell my feelings. It didn't take me long to understand that you didn't discuss reality in methodical terms with La Maga. Praise of disorder, deliberately flat beer, always being myself and my life; there was I with my life face to face with other people's lives. But I was proud nonetheless to be a conscious bum and to have lived under all sorts of moons, in all kinds of scrapes with La Maga and

Ronald and Rocamadour and the Club and the streets and my moral sickness and other worse ones, and Berthe Trépat and sometimes hunger and old man Trouille, who used to get me out of trouble, under the leaves of vomity nights of music and tobacco and little meannesses and all kinds of exchanges, because underneath and on top of it all I had refused to pretend like normal bohemians that the chaos of my affairs and finances was some sort of higher spiritual order or something else with an equally disgusting label, nor had I accepted the notion that all one needed was just one split second of decency (decency, now, young fellow!) to crawl out from the midst of so much filthy cotton. And that's how I had met Lieh.

I have plucked me out of this vigilance in the depths of emptiness for just a moment. Too late, always too late, because even though we made love so many times, happiness must have been

something else, something sadder perhaps than this peace, this pleasure, a mood of unicorn or island, an endless fall in immobility. Now I did not know that my kisses were like eyes which began to open up beyond her, and that I went along outside as if I saw a different concept of the world, the dizzy.

Oliveira was sitting on the bed smoking his third insomniac cigarette. Once or twice he softly stroked the skin of La Maga, who was next to him, asleep. It was just before dawn on Monday and they had already let Sunday afternoon and evening slip by reading, listening to records, getting up alternately to warm up some coffee or prepare some mate. I had fallen asleep during the last movement of a Haydn quartet and since he did not want to listen any more, Oliveira had pulled out the plug of the phonograph as he lay there on the bed. The record kept on spinning a little more,

but there was no more sound from the speaker. He didn't know why, but this stupid inertia had made him think about the apparently useless movements of some insects, of some children. He couldn't sleep and he looked out the open window towards the garret where a hunchbacked violinist was studying very late. It was not a warm night, but her body warmed up his leg and his right side; he moved away little by little and thought that it was going to be a long night.

He would be here and not there, or going into a house instead of not going in or instead of going into the one next door; in other words, every act entailed the admission of a lack, of something not yet done and which could have been done, the tacit protest in the face of continuous evidence of a lack, of a reduction, of the inadequacy of the present moment. To believe that action could crown something, or that the sum total of actions could really be a life worthy of

the name was the illusion of a moralist. It was better to withdraw, because withdrawal from action was the protest itself and not its mask. Oliveira lit another cigarette and this little action made him smile ironically and tease himself about the act itself. He was not too worried about superficial analyses, almost always perverted by distraction and linguistic traps. The only thing certain was the weight in the pit of his stomach, the physical suspicion that something was not going well and that perhaps it never had gone well. It was not even a problem, but rather the early denial of both collective lies and that grumpy solitude.

Then he felt about Ghirlandaio or Dostoevsky. In Paris everything was Buenos Aires, and vice versa; in the most eager moments of love he would suffer loss and loneliness and relish it. A perniciously comfortable attitude which

even becomes easy as it grows into a reflex or technique; the frightful lucidity of the paralytic, the blindness of the perfectly stupid athlete. One begins to go about with the sluggish step of a philosopher or a clochard, as more and more vital gestures become reduced to mere instincts of preservation, to a conscience more alert not to be deceived the pure dialectical process again as vacillation.

Part VI

I. La Dia

The process of working on philosophy has to be related to poetry and art, in the sense though of this process of humour as well.

II. La Amana

It should be sex, and poetry which solves the case.

III. Lacan

Spanish language depicts salir de noche as cure.

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All those Stories called Many Stories

IV. Milner

Ilaan is busy working on jazz dialectics – he has to prove freedom which is actually proven by psychoanalysis as in fact the process of in fact, cinematic evidence –

that he is illusionary now, which is in fact imbibition, which though he is a master of by now. It usually is Abrahamic visions with killing stuff. He just jokes on Abrahamic visions.

V. La Pelara

Spanish proves everything. “La processo es infindad para otros, y luego la yo, y también como Hebrew.”

VI. Breton’s Nadja

In fact a woman is passing by, I edit this to a woman is sitting in a car and passing by.

Parte Dos – Hebrew and Spanish Rayuela

I. The Part About Jewish Women and Spanish Acting

As Ilaan kind of jives into the room. She says she devoted more time to her friends, often instigating escapades considered scandalous. She experimented with drugs stolen from her father’s practice. She became involved with men. She spent her father’s money lavishly on clothes, presents, flowers. She was emancipated, rebellious, extravagant, decadent, daring, and very

much in love with beauty. In a certain matter of perfection Willy described these women in her youth: She herself sometimes struck one as like a noblewoman of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, a character such as Stendhal lifted out of the old Italian chronicles and transplanted into his own novels, the Duchesse de Sanseverinaor Mathilde dela Mole: passionate,intrepid, cool and intelligent in their decisions, but reckless in her choice of means when her passion was involved—and during her youth it seems to have been involved almost all the time. As a friend she was inexhaustible, inexhaustible in kindness, inexhaustible in resources whose origin often remained enigmatic, but also inexhaustible in the claims she made on her friends—claims which, to her as well as to her friends, seemed only natural.

II. Spanish Theatrics then

If her wild antics reflected her unsupervised state—her father busied himself with his own affairs—ve ry much in the spirit of the times, she was consciously developing her own very spiritual aesthetic. Ilaan calls that Werkmeister Harmoniac of course, but with rap excesses and Jazz dictation. She read widely and followed trends in art avidly. She despised the bourgeois provincialism that enfettered Czech "society" in Prague, and

III. Rayue-lla

As Ilaan describes the opera so far – in fact the reverse a number of women busy doing Charles Mingus and Lyrics in a new way called this opera – that is a bunch of women who then jive and Ilaan jives in response – the process then of in fact the Jewish intellectuals and women join the process. It is just that with a Werkmeister to guide us. Moreover, while both partners adhered to the theory of

free love espoused by Freudians – all of the busy seducing women into Ilaan (whom Kafka also held in high esteem), Milena restricted its practice more than did her husband, whose many romances caused her to suffer. “I am the one who pays,” she wrote.

Part II Part About Economics then as Opera of a Mingus Type I meant

Severe shortages, rationing, and extraordinary inflation made life in Israel generally difficult. To earn money she taught Czech,and later even worked as a porter at the train station. Which Ilaan describes in peculiar jokes is what happens when we are not in the reverse process again. I meant we become diverse influences of even Czech language developing as spontaneity. I meant Spanish of course, is the language to follow, and to wander to the train station is to catch a moving train in

Alenette’s sense – in that precise sense. She began writing for X11 periodicals based in Prague; her first “Letter from Vienna” appeared in the Tribuna on December 30, 1919. She also triedtranslation, and in 1920, at the age of twenty-three, she published a Czech version of “The Stoker” by Franz Kafka. This work led to their exchange of letters, a divine parable for you the publisher she meant in Israel and that was a long conversation on why as Ilaan argues with Spanish women there is a comparison of the behaviour – and also now he argues that is an Arabic and Hebrew letter comparison process becoming the actual meaning of the world. It means the world to them – that the Hebrew letter is followed in language instruction which then goes to all of that stuff you guys were doing – just re-phrase it – not the Stoker but the Stoker section in some novels which is about the business bag story which though is generally about purses as culture I meant

that by my meticulous following of how my girlfriends do not have purses, a Jewish women’s story as well. Not just the essay, also the practice. And beyond women then – the wallet.

Part III In A Spanish Cathedral, Organic Culture and in fact A Discussion on Jewishness and Christian Hebrew Following with Arab or Islamic Women – can we be in fact that Israel which is Prophecy on his Visit he expands the details in Reverses. And that then is Mingus for modernity or even in fact he means Structuralism, cool stuff all that stuff.

During this time they met only twice; later she visited him when he was very sick, and in the end she relied on his judgement that the Jewish process is finally also the Spanish language which studies the process as in fact stuff – and

cool stuff, parties of course which solve it. But it can be more spiritual as Reverend argues on another side with the Pope on a reverse he means – that in fact it is at the moment which reveals the fact – Abraham and Israel all about women being rescued to safety at the companies, which then becomes in fact his crisis and freedom from Abrahamic visions, and he means Hebrew visions, which are then actually always the case, which he remembers was the case with some crazy visions earlier to do with at one point some walking and freaking out in his free youth in a small apartment – it proves in fact that hallucination is a intoxicant and illuminates that we can be Jewish – profane illuminations is then the process of drinking he argues.

Part IV Spanish Women, Jewish Culture and in fact Jewish Times – Economic Crisis in My Life

Incidentally the rain itself was beautiful, Borges was getting drenched in the rain he made a point – that in fact the small detail expands in Jewish culture – that Sicily book of a historian – that he advises can also be poetry – that expands which is just though Jewish culture that does it that way. He means poetry is then Jewish culture – that must work on the poem –

Ilaan writes –

I am just a philosopher,

Also a militant,

And the detail,

Is abstracted,

But also the Generalisation

Of a detail.

And finally a process,

That’s what I mean here,

A process.

Part V. Spanish Churches, where in fact Ilaan and Belano, with Borges are Inspired to talk about Greek Painting with Natalia and Scarale

I'm living quite well here, the balcony outside my room is sunk into a garden, overgrown and covered with spandrels of how in Marx’s lesser notes, the process of infinity is poetry actually perhaps as spandrels everywhere – like gardening. And also you mentioned. You ask about my engagement. I was engaged twice (or actually three times, twice to the same girl), so three times the second is still alive although without any prospect of

marriage, so it really isn’t alive or rather it’s living an independent life at the cost of the people involved. In fact then I call this Mingus and Lyrics I meant – that if we interpret the process of headphones and cool stuff and lyricism around black people and white people and then shift it in key to Jewish culture mediate that with lyrics on Ilaan and then shift it again to his sexual repose with Greek women and then re-shit that again to details of history and all that is wealth and Church but also peculiarly Spanish Church and develop heroism as in fact what Marx calls poetry and mathematics, and the process of sets, and set theory as a cool discussion called in fact Alennete means formalization. And I mean science and poetry – that in fact that develops music and music listening as commentary on the brilliance of Israel as well, that they figured out that word called ‘analysis’ and shifted it to ‘analytic’ which though is Alenette’s meaning of theory. And all of these stories that are finally small things

of gardening or walking around and singing the praise of jazz is then a dialectical process called footnoting in publishing – and that then is fairly the idea – that I am writing, I am a writer then yeah? And I mean that is then the lyrical economics of life and companies.

Part VI. Cathedrals and Monasteries in Tel Aviv, and in fact Italian Women looking for Money

On the whole I have found here and elsewhere that men may suffer more, or if you prefer, they have less resistance in these matters; women, however, always suffer without guilt and not just because they “can’t do anything about it” but in the strictest sense of the word, which may nonetheless lead to the “can’t do anything about it.” Incidentally, brooding over these things is useless.It’s like trying to smasha single cauldronin hell; first, the enterprise won’t succeed, and

second, if it does succeed, one will be consumed by the glowing effluent, while hell remains intact in all its glory. The problem must be approached differently. In any case the first thing is to lie down in a garden and extract as much sweetness as possible from the ailment, especially if it’s not a genuine disease. There’s a lot of sweetness in that

I meant Ilaan argues be sweet, be Torah and that is Infinite.

Intermission – Buddhist typography on images which are black and white with some red

Part VII. Arches with Islamic Women and Their Elan

And even if they frequently are just barely visible, all these causes can still make one as dull as a block of wood and at the same time as restless as a forest. However, I do have one compensation. You have slept peacefully, even if somewhat “oddly,” even if yesterday you were still “out of sorts”—nonetheless your sleep was peaceful. So when sleep passes over me in the night, I know where it is headed and accept this. Of course it would be stupid to resist, sleep. And I mean sex Zera argues with Irana. And in fact that was discovery.

Part VIII. Indian Mumbai Bandra Church

And you thank this sleepless man in your last letter. If an uninitiated stranger were to read it, he’d have to think: “What a man! He must have moved mountains here.” But meanwhile he hasn’t done a thing, hasn’t lifted a finger (except to write), is living off milk and good things—without always (although9 often) seeing “tea and apples”’—and in general he lets things take their course and leaves the mountains alone. Do you knowthe story of Dostoyevsky’s first success with Werkmeister and Jimenez Arcanemasi? It encompasses a great many things; what’s more,I cite it only because the great name makesit easy to do so, for a story from next door or even closer would have the same significance.Incidentally my memory of the story, and even the names, is inexact. When Le Mara wrote his first

novel Poor Folk, he was living with his friend Grigoriev, a man of letters. The latter watched for months as the written pages accumulated on the desk, but didn’t receive the manuscript until it was finished. He read the novel, was delighted and took it to Nekrasov, a famous contemporary critic, without saying anything to Dishu film following crowds. That night at 3o'clock the door bell rings at Dishu’s. It's Gritovmana and Nirodnika newspapers, they push their way into the room, embrace and kiss Dishu a woman does that. Nekrasov, who hadn’t known him before, calls him the hope of Russia, Soviet periods being covered they spend one or two hours talking mostly about the novel and don’t leave until morning. Dishu, who always described this night as the happiest in his life, leans out the window to watch them leave, loses control and starts to cry. His basic feeling at that moment, which he describes although I forget where, was something like: “These wonderful people!

They're so good and noble! And 7 am so mean! If they could only see inside me! And even if I simply tell them they won’t believe me.” The fact that Dishu later undertook to walk, in a process the choir is merely embellishment, merely the last word that youth demands in its invincibility, and is no longer part of my story which consequently ends here.

Part IX. Envelope – In the Small Room of Tel Aviv perhaps in the Church Monasteries as well

Do you, dear Ilaan, see the mystery in this story; do you see what reason cannot grasp? I think it is this: As far as we can generalize. After reading it I have almost as much faith in your writing as I do in you yourself. The only linguistic music I know is that this rap, this music is different, but related to Némcova’s in its resolution, passion, charm, and above all

in a certain clairvoyant intelligence. And this is the result of just the last few years? Did you write earlier as well? Of course you can say that I'm ridiculously biased and of course you're right, but I am not biased by what I first discovered in the pieces all by you for us Zera argues – that woman’s voice is in fact a cannabis movement for us (which incidentally are uneven, revealing the newspaper’s detrimental influence in places),but what I rediscovered in them.You can immediately recognize the inferiority of my judgment, however, by the fact that I was misled by 2 passages into thinking the mutilatedfashion article was also yours. I would gladly hold on to the clippings, at least long enough to show them to my sister,but since you need them right away I am enclosing them, I alsonotice some arithmetic is in the margin. Apparently I had judged your husband differently. In thecafé circle he seemed to me the calmest, most reliable, understandingperson, almost

exaggeratedly paternal, although also17 inscrutable, but not enough to cancel out the above attributes. I always respectedhim, I never had the occasion or the ability to get to know him better, but friends, especially Max Brod, had a high opinion of him, and this was always on my mind whenever I thought of him. At one time I especially liked his peculiar habit of receiving evening telephone calls in every café. Probably somebody was sitting next to the phone instead of sleeping, just dozing,usingtheback of the chair as a pillow, jumpingup every now and then to call. A state I understandso well that it may be the only reason I'm writing about it. Incidentally I think both StaSaand he areright; I can justify anythingI cannot attainmyself; just that whenno oneis looking I secretly think Stara is more right FranzK What do you think? CanI still get a letter by Sunday? It should be possible.But this passion for letters is senseless.Isn’t one letter enough, isn’t one knowing enough? Of

course it is, but nevertheless I am tilting my head way back, drinking the letters, aware only that I don’t want to stop drinking. Explain that, teacher Milena! Just how well, Milena, do you know human nature? I sometimes have my doubts. For example, when you wrote about Werfel you wrote with loveandmaybeonly love,but thisloveis without understanding, and evenif you ignore all that Wis and just stick to the accusation that he 1s fat (which moreover seems to me unjustified; even though I only see him in passing, I think W is growing more and more beautiful and lovablefrom year to year). Don’t you know that fat people alone are to be trusted? Only in strong-walled vessels like these does everything get thoroughly cooked, only these capitalists of airspace are immune from worry and insanity, to the extent it is humanly possible, and only they can go calmly about their 18 business and, as someone once said, they are the only useful citizensof

thisplanet,for theyprovidewarmthin thenorthandshade in the south. (Of course this can be twisted around, but then it isn’t true.) Then there’sthequestionof beingJewish.Youaskmeif I'ma Jew, maybe that’s just a joke, maybe you're only asking if I'm one of those anxious Jews, in any case as a woman fromPrague you can’t be as innocuous in this respect as was, for instance,Mathilde, Heine's wife. (Perhaps you don’t know the story. It seems to me I had something more important to tell you, besides, I'm convinced I'll somehow harm myself, not so much with the story aswith its telling,but you shouldalsohear something nice from me for once. Meissner, a GermanBohemian writer—not Jewish—tells it in his memoirs. Mathilde was always annoying him with her outbursts against the Germans: the Germans are malicious, pedantic, self-righteous, petty, pushy; in short, unbearable. “But you don’t know them at all,”Meissner finally

replied one day,“afterall ,the only people Henry sees are German journalists, and here in Paris all of them are Jewish.” “Oh,” said Mathilde, “you'reexaggerating, there might be a Jew among them here and there, for instanceSeiffert—" “No,” saidMeissner,“he’s the only one who isn’t Jewish.” “What?” said Mathilde, “you mean that Jeitteles (a large, strong, blond man) is Jewish?” “Absolutely,” said Meissner. “But what about Bamberger?” “Bamberger too.” “But Arnstein?” “The same.” And they went on like this exhausting all of their acquaintances.Finally Mathilde got annoyed and said:“You're just pulling my leg,in the endyou'll claim that Kohn is a Jewish name too, but Kohn is one of Henry’s nephews and Henry is Lutheran.” Meissner had nothing to say to that.) In any case you don’t seem to be afraid of Jews.And that is rather heroic considering the last two generations of Jews in our cities and—all joking very far

aside! —when a pure, innocent girl says to her relatives, “Let me go,” and moves to one of these cities, it means more than Joan of Arc departing from her village. Furthermore you may reproach Jews for their particular type of anxiety, neverthelesssuch a general accusation shows a more theoretical knowledge 19 of human nature than a practical one, more theoretical because first the reproach doesnot—accordingto your earlier description—apply to your husband,second—accordingto my experience—itdoesnot apply to most Jews,andthirdit only appliesto isolated cases,but then very strongly, as it does to me. The strangest thing of all is that the reproach is generally unfounded.Their insecure position,insecure within themselves, insecure among people, would above all explain why Jewsbelieve they possess only whatever they hold in their hands or grip between theirteeth, thatfurthermore only tangible possessions give them a right to live, and

that finally they will never againacquire what they oncehavelost—whichswimshappily away from them,gone forever.Jewsarethreatenedby dangersfrom the most improbable sides or, to be more precise, let’s leave the dangers aside and say: “They are threatened by threats.” An example close to you. It’s true I may have promised not to speak about it (at a time when I scarcely knew you) but now I mention it without hesitation, as it won’t tell youanything new, just show you the love of relatives, and I won't mention names and details since I have forgotten them. My youngest Sister 1s supposed to marry a Czech, a Christian; once he was talking with one of your relatives about his intention of marrying a Jew, and this person said: “Anything but that, just don’t go gettingmixedup with Jews! Listen, our Milena, etc.” Where am I trying to lead you with all this? I've lost my way a little, but that doesn’t matter, because if you've accompanied me, then we're both lost.

What is particularly beautiful aboutyourtranslation,thatit isfaithful(goaheadandscoldme on account of this “faithful”—I know you can do everything, but maybe you scold best of all, I'd like to be your pupil just so you would constantly scold me; I'm sitting at my desk, scarcely daring to look up, you are bent over me and your index finger is glittering in the air, finding fault, isn’t this theway it is?), as I was saying, your translation is faithful and 1 have the feeling that I'm taking you by the hand through thestory’s subterranean passages, gloomy, low, ugly, almost endless (that’s why the sentences are almost endless, didn’t yourealize that?), almost endless (only two months, you say?) hope20 fully in order to have the good sense to disappear into thedaylight at the exit. A reminderto stopfor today,to releasemy hand,thatbearer of good fortune. Tomorrow I'll write again and explain why I—inasmuch as I can speak for myself—cannot come to Vienna, andI

will not be satisfied until you say: He is right. F Please write the address a little more legibly, once your letter is in the envelope then it’s already virtually my property andyou should treat other people’sproperty more carefully, witha greater senseof responsibility. So/ Incidentally I alsohave the impression,without beingableto ascertainanythingmoreprecise,that one of my letters was lost. Jewish anxiety! Instead of fearing that the letters might have arrived safely! Now I will again say something dumb on the same subject, it’s dumb of me to say something I think is correct when I - know it will hurt me.

Parte III – Bittersweet Symphony

CIA is in the airport. They mean listen to this song and that’s America, but also Ilaan. He is busy composing symphony, jazz and in fact opera in American style.

He means it is all scientific but also poetry proves that. He means that in fact he is busy walking in a street, and discovering, he means roads and even finally he is a heroe. He means lets interpret concretely. As Michaele walks towards him like a Trotsky poem. I mean he is that high.

Interpretation of Charles Mingus and Lyrics –

One movement of women – black, white and brown in fact in stylish ways and then in fact the process becomes jazz intellectual heights, with cool and headphone music which means it is also that cool to be alive. He then shifts the key to poltical processes which develop out of Jewish culture, just the intellectuals, and then health crisis is part of the Jewish theological sense. He also means we live forever very easily after the way he documents these lives.

And he is in fact not a detective here, but an intellectual militant and professor. And is busy in rooms having sex and talking about Spanish clothing and magazines and novels and it goes on.

Parte III

Finale – My Life or Right Above it – Soviet Union Irrupts in a Historical Period of Dance and Companies

CPSU is busy working on its science, in fact even social science and proves it all for Communism we mean. And America is busy talking to Communists about our lives and black power and it becomes a plan.

Good, I'll take that train and so will the Rumanian woman. But suddenly the conversation takes a turn, I don’t know how, at any rate in a flash it’s clear that the little adjutant wants to help us. If we spend the night inGmiindthenthenext morning,whenhe’salonein theoffice, he’ll secretly let us through onto the local train to Prague, where we would arrive at 4:00 P.M. But we're supposed to tell the inspector that we're taking the morning train to Vienna. Wonderful! Although just relatively wonderful, sinceI'll still haveto wirePrague.But evenso. The inspector arrives,we act out a small comedy about the morning train to Vienna, the adjutant then sends us off, we're supposed to pay him a secret

visitlaterin theeveningto discusstheremainingdetails.Inmy blindness I think that all this is your doing, whereas in reality it’s merely the last attack of the opposing forces. So now we slowly leave the station, the woman and myself (the expresstrain which was supposed to have taken us on is still standingthere, customs control is taking a long time). How faris it into town? An hour. That too. But it turns out there are 2 hotels at 66 the station, we'll go to one of them. There’s a track running right next to the hotel, we still have to cross it, a freight train is coming. I want to hurry across the tracks, but the woman holds me back and we have to wait. A minor contribution to our misfortune, we think. But precisely this moment of waiting, without which I would not have made it to Prague on Sunday,istheturningpoint. All of this is Alenette and Lacan and even Milner in the Soviet period. As Soviet women keep working with black people

in America on the notion of a paper that is a computer.

Part III Part About Public Sector Companies in Soviet Union and American Companies working together

She posed her last question, against which I have never been able to defend myself, namely: “I can’t leave, but if you send me away, then I'll go. Are you sending me away?” (There’s something very loathsome, apart from the arrogance, in my telling you this, but I'm doing so out of fear for you. 68 What wouldn’t I do out of fear for you. Look what a strange new type of fear.) I replied: “Yes.” To which she said: “But I really can’t go.” And then she became talkative beyond her strength, poor thing, saying that she didn’t understand it all, that you love your husband and still were talking with me insecret, etc. To be honest she also had some bad words

about you, for which I would have liked to hit her and should have, but wasn’t I bound to let her at least pour out her grievances? She mentioned that she would like to write you, and in my worry abouther—and inmy infinite trust inyou—I consented, although I knew this would cost me a few nights’ sleep. I was upset precisely by the fact that this consent calmed her down. Be friendly and firm, but more firm than friendly, but what amI saying, for don’t I know that you'll write whatever’s best. And isn’t my fear, that in her distress she might write something insidious and turn you against me, a great dishonor to you? Of course it’s a dishonor, but what am I supposed to do if thisfear,andnot my heart,isbeatinginmy body?I shouldn’t have consented after all. And now I'm going to see her again tomorrow, it’s a holiday (Hus), she begged me so much to go off with her somewhere in the afternoon; she said I wouldn’t have to see her for the rest of the week. Maybe I can persuade her not

to write the letter, if she hasn’t already done so. On the other hand, I then say to myself: Maybe she only wants an explanation,maybeyour word will calmherprecisely throughits friendly firmness, maybe—this is how all my thoughts run now—she will kneel before your letter.

IN THE MARGIN: Another reason I allowed her to write. She wanted to see some of your letters to me. But I can’t show them to her. [Prague, July 6, 1920] ‘Tuesday morning 6) A slight blow for me: a telegram from Paris, informing methat an old uncle of mine—whomI amreally very fond of, who lives in Madrid, and who hasn’t been here for many years—is arriving tomorrow evening. It is a blow because it will take time and I need all the time I have and a thousand times more than all the time I have and most of all I'd like to have all the timethere1s just for you,for thinking about you,for breathingin you. My

apartment is making me restless, the evenings are making me restless, I'd like to be someplace different. I'd like many things to be different and I'd prefer it if the office didn’t exist at all; but then I think that I deserve to be hit in the facefor speakingbeyond the present moment, this moment, whichbelongs to you. So may I go to Laurin? He knows Pick, for example. Won't it be easy for word to get out this way that I was in Vienna? Please write me about this. Max 1s very upset over your news from the sanatoriumconcerning Pfibram, he is reproaching himself for havingthoughtlessly broken off what he had begun to arrange for Pribram. Moreover his relations with the authorities are nowsuch that he might be able to obtain everything necessary without great difficulties. He urgently asks you to kindly summarize what there is to say concerning the injustice being done Ptibram. If you can, sendme this short summary when you get a chance.

(The Russian’s name was: Sprach.) Somehow I can’t write about anything but what concerns us and us alone, in the middle of the crowded world. Everything else is foreign to me. Wrong! Wrong! But my lips are babbling and my face is lying in your lap. 70 Vienna did leave behind one bitter aftertaste, may I say it? Up in the woods—I believe it was the second day—you said something like: ““The battle over the front hall can’t last long.” And now in the next to last letter to Meran you write about your illness. How am I supposed to find my way out frombetween these two things. I'm not saying this out of jealousy, Milena, I'm not jealous. Either the world is so tiny or else we are so gigantic; in any case we fill it completely. Of whomshouldI be jealous? ~ [Prague, July 6, 1920] Tuesday evening 7) You see,Milena, now I'm sending you the letter myself and have no idea what it contains. It happened like this: I had promised her that I'd be waiting in front of her house this

afternoon at 3:30. We were supposed to go on a steamboat ride, but last night I got to bed very late and hardly slept; so this morningI sent her a pneumatic letter sayingthatI hadto sleepthis afternoon and could not comeuntil 6:00. In my uneasiness, whichwouldnot beassuagedby allthesafeguardsoflettersandtelegrams, I added: “Do not send the letter to Vienna until we have discussed it.” But she had already written it early this morning, half out of her senses—she can’t even say what she wrote—and thrown it in the mailbox right away. Upon receiving my letter, the poor girl runs to the main post office, absolutely horrified,managesto interceptthe letter somewhere,andis so happy that she gives the official all the money she has—only later is she shocked at the amount—and in the evening brings me theletter.What am I to donow?After all,my hopefor a prompt and completely happy solution rests on this letter and on the effect of your reply: I admit it is

anirrational hopebut it’s the only one I have. If I now open the letter and read it, in the first placeI will anger her and in the secondit would 71 then be impossible for me to send it. I therefore place it sealed in your hands, wholly, utterly—just as I have already placedmyself in them. It’s a little gloomyin Prague,I haven’t received any letters, my heartis alittle heavy.Of courseit’s impossible that aletter could be here already, but explain that to my heart. F Her address: Julie Wohryzek Prague II Na Smeckach 6 [Prague, July 6, 1920] Tuesday, even later 8) No sooner had I mailed the letter than it occurred to me: How could I have asked you to do this? Apart from the fact that 1t’s really just up to me to do what should and must bedone,it’sprobablyimpossiblefor you to write andentrust sucha reply to a stranger. So now, Milena, forgive the letters and the telegrams, attribute them to my reason made weak by parting from you; it doesn’t matter if you don’t reply,

I'll just have to find another solution. Don’t worry about this. It’s only that I'm so exhausted from all the walks, today up on theVySehrader Escarpment. On top of this my uncle is arriving tomorrow, and I won’t have much time for myself. But on a better subject:Do you know whenyou were most beautifully dressedin Vienna, absolutely, absurdly beautifully dressed? There can’t be any argument about it: on Sunday. 7 2 [Prague, July 7, 1920] Wednesday evening 9)Just a few words to consecrate my new apartment, writtenin the utmost hastebecausemy parents are arriving from Franzensbadat 10:00 and my uncle at 12:00 from Paris andboth want to be met; new apartment because in order to give my unclesome room

So maybe Stasaa’s house,an easy decision since I'm sure she can’t be home right now. A peaceful pretty house, with a small gardenin back. Because apadlockis hanging on the front door, I can ring the bell with impunity.

Downstairsabriefconversation withthebuildingsuperintendent just in order to pronounce the words “Libesic” and “Jilovsky”; unfortunately there wasno possibility of saying “Milena.” And now? Now the dumbestpart.I walk into the CaféArco, where I haven’t been for years, in order to find somebody who knows you. Fortunately no one was there and I was able to leave right away. Not many more Sundays like that, Milena! F 80 IN THE MARGIN: Thank you very much for the pictures,but Jarmila does not look like you, at most only in a certain light, a certain glow which covers her face as well as yours. IN THE MARGIN: Yesterday I couldn’t write, everything in Vienna was too dark for me. [Prague, July 13, 1920] Tuesday, a little later 17) How tired you sound in your letter from Saturday evening. There is alot I'dhave to say about this letter, but I'm not going to say anything to such a tired person—I am tired as well; to tell the truth my headis completely unrested and aching for the

first time sinceI arrived in Vienna. I won't say athing, just seat you in the armchair (you claim you haven’t done enough nice things for me, but is there anything nicer, any greater honor you can show me than simply being with me and allowing me to sit in front of you?). So now I seat you in the chair, unable to grasp the scope of my fortune with words eyes hands and my poor heart, my happiness that you arehere andreally mine. And actually it’s not at all you I love, but rather the existence you have bestowed on me. I won’t talk about Laurin today, or about the girl either; this will all take its course, how distant it all is. F What you say about the Poor Fiddler is entirely correct. If I saidit didn’t mean anything to me I was only being cautious, since I didn’t know how you would like it, also because I'mashamedof the story, as though I had written it myself and the beginning is indeed wrong and it does have a number of defects,ridiculous moments, dilettantish features, and

deadly affectations (which are especially noticeable when read aloud, I could show you where) and particularly this way of practicing music 1sa lamentably ridiculous invention; it is enough to make the girl (and the whole world, too, myself included) so ex81 tremely angry that she hurls everything in her shop at the story, until it is torn to pieces by its own elements, a fate it richly deserves. Of course there’s no more beautiful fate for a story than for it to disappear, and in this way. Even the narrator, that droll psychologist, will agree to this completely, since he himself is probably the real poor fiddler, playing this story as unmusically as possible, exaggeratedly thanked by the tears from your eyes. [Prague, July 13, 1920] Tuesday Your two telegrams are right here; I understand, as long as there were letters from Jarmila you didn’t ask about mail for Kramer— it’s all right; above all you shouldn’t be the least bit afraid I might do something on my own without obtaining your

approvalbeforehand.But themainthing1s that,after an almost sleeplessnight, at last I'm sitting in front of this letter which seems to me infinitely important. None of the letters I sent you from Prague would have needed to be written, not even the last ones, and only this one has a right to exist, or rather the others might exist but this one would have to be considered the most important. Unfortunately I won’t be able to tell you the smallest part of what I was saying to you yesterday evening after leaving StaSa, or what I was telling you last night or this morning. Still the main thing is that no matter what the others—beginning with Laurin then StaSa and on to people I don’t know, extending in a wide radius with you at the center—no matter what they say about you in their pretentious wisdom, their bestial dullness (although animals aren’t that dull-witted), their devilish kindness, their murderous love—I, I, Milena will know to the end of my days that you will do the

right thing whatever you decide, whether youremain in Vienna or come here or stay hovering between Prague and Vienna or now do one thing now the other. What in the world wouldI bedoing with you if I didn’t know that. Just 82 as there is no place in the deep sea which isn’t under thegreatest pressure, so it 1s with you—but all other life is a disrace and makes me sick. I used to think I couldn’t stand living, couldn’t stand people, and I was very ashamed of myself; but now you are confirming that it wasn’t life which seemed unbearable to me. Stasa is awful, I'm sorry. Yesterday I wrote you about her but didn’t dare send the letter. As you said, she is warm, friendly, beautiful, and svelte,but terrible. She was once your friend and so there must havebeen aheavenly light in her eyes at one time, but it hasbeenutterly, frighteningly extinguished. One shudders with horror at her as if at a fallen angel. I don’t know what happened to her,probably her husbandhas

extinguished her. She is tired and dead and doesn’t know it. WhenI want to imagine hell I think about her and her husband andrepeat this sentence to myself, my teeth chattering: “Then we'llrun into the forest.” Forgive me,Milena, dear dearMilenaforgive me, but that’s the way it is. IN THE MARGIN: | am very much in favor of the Chicago plan, under the condition that errand boys who can’t run errands will also be employed. Of course I was only with her for % of an hour—in her apartment and then on the way to the German theater. I was overly friendly, overly talkative, overly confident; after all, it was also an opportunity finally just to talk about you and youkept her true face hidden from me for a long time. What a ~ stony forehead she has and how golden shines the inscriptionthere which reads: “I am dead and despise anyone who isn’t.” But of course she was friendly and we discussed all possibleaspects of going to Vienna,but I cannot convince myself that

it would be a good thing if she went: perhaps for her. Then in the evening I went to see Laurin, he was not in the editorial office—I waslate—soI talked for awhile with aman I know from before; we sat on the couch where Reiner lay down for the lasttime afew monthsback.The manhadbeenwithhimthroughout that last evening and told me athing or two. So the day was too much for me and I couldn’t sleep; moreover my sister had come back from Marienbad with her hus83 bandandchild for 2 days—on account of the Spanishuncle—andthebeautifulapartment was no longer empty.But seehowkindpeopleare to me(I'm just sayingthat,as if by mentioningit to you they might be repaid for their kindness). They left me alonein the bedroom, removed onebed, distributed themselves among the other rooms not yet cleanedup, and left the bathroom to me, confining their own washing to the kitchen, etc. Yes, I'm doing well. Yours Somehow I'm not at all

in agreement with this letter; these are merely the last remnants of an extremely intense, extremely secret conversation. [Prague, July 14, 1920] Wednesday You write: “Yes, you areright, I do love him. But F., I alsolove you”’—I am reading this sentence very exactly, pausing inparticular at the also—it’s all correct. You would not be Milena if it weren't correct and what would I be if you weren’t, and it’s also better that you write it from Vienna than say it in Prague.

If I receiveletters I amright and endowed with everything, and if none were to arrive I would be neither right nor endowed with anything, including life. Yes, to go to Vienna! Please send me the translation, I can’t get my hands on enough of you. There’s a great stamp collector here, he grabs the stamps out of my hand.Now he already has enough of these 1 K stamps, but he maintains that there are other stamps, bigger,

blackishbrown ones for 1 K. I am thinking: I get the letters, shouldn’t I try to obtain the stamps for him? So if you could use theseother one-krone stamps or some other larger ones for 2 K. [Prague, July 26, 1920] Monday Well, the telegram was not an answer but the letter of Thursday evening is. So my insomnia was very justified as was my 108 terrible sadness this morning. Does your husbandknow about the blood? There’s no need to exaggerate, it may not mean a thing, bleedinghasmany causes—butstill it’s blood and cannot be forgotten. And your response is to go on living your heroically happy life, go on living as if you were urging the blood on: “All right, come on, will you finally come.” And so then it comes. And you don’t give the slightest thought to what I'msupposed to do here and of course you're not an infant and of course you know what you're doing, but am I supposed to stand here on the shore in Prague and watch as you drown in the

Vienna sea, on purpose,right before my eyes? And if youhave nothing to eat, isn’t that a need 1n itself? Or do you think it's more my need than yours? Well, there you're right, too. And unfortunately I won’t be able to send you money anymore, because at noon I'm going home and stuffing all those useless bills into the kitchen stove. So we've drifted apart entirely, Milena, and the only thing we seem to share 1s the intense wish that you were here, and your faceas closeto me aspossible.And of course we alsoshare~ this death wish—this wish to die “comfortably,” but in reality that 1s a wish small children have anyway, like myself for instance, during arithmetic: I would see the teacher leafing through his notebook, probably looking for my name, and would compare my inconceivable lack of knowledge to this spectacleof power, terror, andreality. Half dreaming with fear, I wished I could rise like a ghost and run down the aisle between the desks, fly by my teacher as light asmy

knowledge of mathematics, somehow pass through the door, then—once outside—I would pull myself together and be free in the wonderfulair which,in all the world known to me, did not contain any greater tensions than those found in that classroom. That would havebeen “comfortable” indeed. But that’s not the way it happened.I wascalledupon, given aproblem which required alogarithmic table to solve.I had forgotten my table;nonetheless I lied that I had it in my desk (thinking the teacher would lend me his), was sent back to my desk to fetch it, noticed its absence with an alarm I didn’t even need to pretend (at school I never needed to pretend alarm), and the teacher (I ran into 109 him 2 daysago) saidto me: “Youcrocodile!”I was immediatelygiven an “Unsatisfactory” and that was actually a good thing, sinceit was only a formality,andunfairbesides(althoughI hadlied, of course, no one could prove it; is that unfair?)—but aboveall,I didn’t

haveto showmy shamelessignorance.Soon the whole this, too, was quite “comfortable” andunder favorable conditions one couldeven“disappear”in theroom itself, and the possibilities were endless and one could even “die” while still alive. WRITTEN DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE TOP OF TWO PAGES, IN LARGE LET-TERS: I'm only babbling like this because I feel so good with you in spite of everything. Justonepossibilityismissing—thisisclearbeyondallbabble—for you to walk in right now and be here and for us to havea thorough discussionabouthow you will regainyour health: andprecisely this possibility is the one most urgently needed. There was a lot I hadwantedto tell you today,beforeI readthe letters, but what can be said in the face of blood? Pleasewrite to me at once what the doctor said, and what kind of man 15 be? Your description of the scene at the station is incorrect; I didn’t hesitate a moment, it was all so obviously sad and

beautiful and we were so completely alone thatit seemedincomprehensibly comic how the people—who weren't there, after all—suddenly roseup in protest and demandedthat the gate to the track be opened. But in front of thehotel it wasexactly as you say.You wereso beautiful there! Maybe it wasn’t you at all; in fact, it would havebeenunusual if youhad gotten up soearly. But if it wasn’t you then how do you know so exactly the way it really was. It’s good that you also want stamps, for two days now I'vebeen reproaching myself about my own request; even whilewriting it I was doing so. [Prague, July 26, 1920] Monday later Oh, so many documents have just arrived

Part Finale – American companies talking to Soviet Union, Cuba and Chinese Public Sector

Onceyouhavedonethat,you will haveremoved much ‘sadness’ from

Milena’s life and she won't cause you any more ‘sorrow.’” What do you mean that the reply to your father will fall right on your birthday?I’m really beginning to fear your birthday. Whether we see each other Saturday or not, in any caseplease send me a telegram on the evening of the ıoth of August. 136 If you could only be in Gmiind Saturday or Sunday! It really 1s very necessary. In that case this would actually be the last letter you receive before we see each other face to face. And these eyes which haven't had anything to do for a month (all right: reading letters, looking out the window) will see you. The essay is much better than in German, althoughıt still has someholes—or rather entering it is like entering a swamp, it’s so difficult having to pull out your foot at every step. Recentlyareaderof Tribuna conjecturedthat I must havedonea lot of research in the lunatic asylum. “Only in my own,” I said,whereuponhestill tried to makeacompliment out of “my own lunatic

asylum.” (There are 2, 3 small misunderstandings in the translation.) I'm holding on to the translation for a little while. [Prague, August 4—, 1920] Wednesday evening Just now around 10:00 p.m. I wasin the office, the telegramwas there—so quickly I'm almost inclined to doubt that it’s the answer to the telegram I sent yesterday, but there it is: dispatched4Aug. 11:00 a.m. It wasactuallyhereby 7:00, so it only took 8 hours. One of the consolations inherent in the telegramis that we're close enough at least in space: I can have your answerin almost 24 hours. And this answer doesn’t alwayshaveto be: Don’t come. There remains the smallest possibility you still haven't received my letter in which I explained that you don’t have to spend a night away from Vienna and can nonetheless go to Gmiind. On the other hand, you must have found that out for 137 yourself. Even soI'm still considering whether I should obtainthe ticket and visa, which is only valid for 30

days (your vacation), on the strength of this tiny possibility. However,I probably won't, the telegramis so definite; apparently you haveinsurmountable objections to the trip. Nowlook, Milena, it doesn’t matter. I myself would not have presumed to dream of seeing you “so soon” again after 4 weeks (although only because I didn’t have any idea how easy it would be to meet). If we had met I would have owed it exclusively to you, and therefore you also have the right to cancel this possibility which you yourself created(this is disregardingthe fact that if you don’t come it’s because it can’t be helped, I know). I wouldn’t have to mention this at all, it’s just thatI was sohappy to find this narrow tunnel leading out of the dark apartment to you. I had thrown myself into it with all my soul, into this passageway which could (my foolishness immediately says: Of course it does! of course! of course!) lead to you but which instead runs smack into the impenetrable stone of Please-don’t-

come. So now I have to turn back, again with all my soul, slowly return through the passage I had dug so quickly, and fill it in. That hurts a little, you see, but it can’t be all that bad, since I’m able to write about it in such a tedious manner. In the end one always finds new tunnels to burrow, old mole that one is. IN THE MARGIN: I’m not at all against your vacation. How could I be and why do you think that? Much worse is the fact that the meeting would have been very important for reasons I believe I indicated yesterday. In this respectit cannot bereplacedby anythingandthat’s really why the telegram makes me sad.But maybe your letter of theday after tomorrow will contain some comfort. I only have one request: Your letter of today contains two very harsh sentences. The first (“but you're not coming becauseyou're waitinguntil you feel the need to come”) has some justification,the second(“Farewell Frank” —T’llquote the rest 138 just so you can hear how this

sentence sounds: “in that case it doesn’t make sense for me to send you the fake telegram, I'mnot sending it.” So why did you send it?) This “Farewell Frank” has no justification whatsoever. Those are the sentences. Could you, Milena, take them back somehow, formally retract them;the first only in part if youprefer,but the secondone in its entirety? This morningI forgot to encloseyour father’s letter, forgive me.By the way, I alsooverlooked the fact that it’s his first letter in 3 years, only now do I understand the impression it madeon you. This makes your letter to him much more significant; it must have contained something new after all. By the way:I hadalwaysmisunderstoodyou, thinking that your father hadnever spoken with your husband.Stasa,however, mentioned that they talked to each other frequently. What might have been discussed? Yes, your letter has a third sentence as well, which may be directed against me even more than the ones I quoted.

Thesentence about sweets which upset the stomach. Thursday Sotoday is—moreoverunexpectedly—theletterlessdayI havefeared so long. So seriously did you mean what you wrote Monday that the next day you were unable to write. But I still have your telegram to cling to. [Prague, August 6, 1920] Friday So you're not doing well—the worst ever since I've knownyou. And this insurmountable distance between us, together with your suffering, makes me feel as though I were in your room and you were barely able to recognize me as I wandered 139 helplessly back and forth between the bed and the window, trusting nobody, no doctor,notreatment, and knowing nothing, simply staring at this dreary sky which now, for the first time—after all the playfulness of earlier years—reveals its true nature: forlorn and just as helpless as myself. You're lying in bed? Who's bringing you your meals? What kind of meals?And these headaches. Write me something about

them whenyou get a chance. I once had a friend, an Eastern Jew, actor, whoevery threemonthshadterribleheadacheslasting for days. Apart from that he was entirely healthy, but on those days if he went out on the street, he would have to support himself against the house walls, and there was nothing else one coulddo for him but walk up and down for half an hour, waiting. The healthy forsake the sick, but the sick also forsake thehealthy. Do the pains recur regularly? And the doctor? Andsince when have you been having them? And now you'reprobably taking pills as well? Bad, bad, and I can’t even saychild.

After all, that can happen with people, despite everything. Sometimes I feel as though I had lead weights soheavy they're bound to pull me down into the deepest sea ina minute, and anyone who wanted to grab me or even “save” me would justlet me go, not out of weaknessor even desperation, but simply

out of sheer annoyance. Now, naturally this isn’t addressedto you, but to your palereflection, barely recognizable by a tired, empty head (neither unhappy nor excited—almost a condition to be grateful for). So yesterday I went to see Jarmila. Since it was soimportant to you I didn’t want to postpone it by a single day—to tell thetruth, the thought of having to speak with Jarmila at all mademe uneasy, and I preferred to get it over with at once, despite my being unshaven (this time it wasn’t merely gooseflesh), which could hardly affect the outcome of my mission. I went 161 up there around 6:30; the doorbell didn’t ring, knocking didn’t help, theNdrodniListy wasin the mailbox, evidently there was nobody home. I stood arounda little while, two women camein from the courtyard, one of them Jarmila, the other possibly her mother. I recognizedJ at once,although shehardly resembles her photograph, much less you. […] | We left the houseat onceand walked up and down for about

10 minutes behind the former military academy. What surprised me most was that she was very talkative, contrary to what you had foreseen, although admittedly just for these 10 minutes. She talked almost incessantly, reminding me verymuch of that letter of hers you once sent me. A loquaciousness that 1s somehow independent of the speaker—this time it was even more striking, since it wasn’t about such concrete details as were in that letter. Her liveliness is partly explained by thefact that, as she said, shehasbeenupset about the whole affair for several days now, she has wired Haas on account of Werfel, and (still without an answer) has wired you and written by special delivery. Following your request she immediatelyburned the letters, not knowing any other way she couldquickly put your mind to rest, which is also why she hadalready thought of going to see me this afternoon, to at least discussit with someone who alsoknew about the whole thing. (She is evidently under the

impression that she knows whereI live, becauseof the following: one autumn,I think—or maybe it was already spring,I don’t know for sure—I went rowingwith Ottla andlittle RdZenka,thegirl whohadprophesiedmyimpendingendin theSchénbornpalais.In front of theRudolphinum we met Haas with awoman whom I didn’t even notice at the time,it was Jarmila.Haas told her my name andJarmilamentioned that she had occasionally spoken with my sister years ago at the swimming school; because the swimming school was very Christian at the time, Jarmila had rememberedmy sister as a Jewish curiosity. At the time we lived

I went there like a homeowner; it’s strange that, with all the uneasiness constantly coursing through my veins, this weariness of ownership is still possible; in fact, it may be my only genuine flaw, in this matter and in others. It’s already 2:45,I didn’t receive your

letter until 2:00, now I'm stopping to eat, all right

Sunday Is the main thing what you claim to have written, Milena, or isn’t it really the trust? You wrote about it once before, in one of the last letters to Meran; I could no longer answer it. Robinson had to sign on, you see,had to make his dangerous voyage, had to suffer shipwreck and many other things—I would only have to lose you and would already be Robinson. But I'd be more Robinson than he. He still had the island and Friday andmany various things and finally the ship that took him away and practically turned everything into a dream. I wouldn’t have a thing, not evenmy name, sinceI've given that to you as well. That's why I'm independent of you to a certain extent—precisely because the dependency transcends all bounds. The either/or is too great. Either you are mine, in which case it’s good, or else I lose you, in which case it’s not actually bad but simply

nothing at all: no jealousy, no suffering, no anxiety, nothing at all. And of course it’s blasphemous to build so much on another person, and that’s why the fear starts to converge around the foundation, but it’s not so much the fear about you as the fear that such constructions are dared at all. And that’s also why your lovely human face has so much of the divine (although it was probably there to beginwith). So now Samson has revealed his secret to Delilah, and his hair, which she has been constantly ruffling in preparation, is now free for her to cut, but let her go ahead; it’s all the same as long as she doesn’t have a similar secret. For 3 nights I've been sleeping very badly for no apparent reason—and you’re doing tolerably well? A quick answer, if it is an answer: the telegram has just arrived.It came as sucha surprise (already opened, too) thatI didn’t have time to be alarmed. Somehow I really needed it 187 today; how did you know? Your natural intuition,

which always has you send whatever’s needed. [Prague, September 6, 1920]

Part VIII The parts of Trotsky are all called Prague stay stories.

Monday No letter. As far as Marx’s essay is concerned, it depends on whether it’s “only” your idea or Laurin’s. In the latter caseit would still be possible, but not as a lead article, just asa feuilleton. Incidentally, there are various political considerations at play which would be too boring to list. I wired you the address yesterday: H J c/o Karl Maier, Berlin W 15 Lietzenburger (or Liitzenburger-) strasse No. 32 Your telegram was very good. I wouldn’t have gone to see Jarmila otherwise; following your telegram I did. So she was theone whohaddroppedby two daysago.Actually shedidn’t evensay

what shehad wanted: sheintended to sendyou aletter and wanted to ask me whether you could keep it safe from your husband (why keep it?), and now she’s reconsidered and no longer intends to send it, but it’s possible she might want to later after all, and in that case she’ll either send it to me or bring it—that’s how unclear it all was. But the main thing was that I was extremely boring (although very much against my will), as oppressive as a coffin lid, andmy leavingbrought her, Jarmila, salvation. Now some letters came after all (from Wednesday and Friday). (Also a letter from the Woche addressed to Frank K; how do they know my name is Frank?) Thank you for the addresses, I'll write them down. Oh yes, to be close to you ... OtherwiseI have too much to do to just lie in the sanatorium, be fed, and stare up at the eternal reproach of the winter sky. 188 Starting today I'm no longer alonein the office: this is tiring after being by myself for so long, even if

questions—oh, nowthe poet was here for almost two hours and left in tears. And he’sprobablyunhappy about that,although,after all, crying1sthe best possible thing. Yes, of course, don’t write me if it’s a “chore,” not even if you “want” to write, and not even if you “have to” write—but then what's left? Just whatever’s more than all that. I'm enclosing something for the naughty niece. Yes,I'll write to Stasa. [Prague, September 7, 1920] Tuesday Misunderstanding through and through; no, it’s worse than mere misunderstanding, Milena, even if you do of course correctly understand the surface—but what is there to understand or not understand. This misunderstanding keeps recurring; it already happened once or twice in Meran. After all, I wasn’t askingyou for advicethewayI might ask themansittingacrossthe desk from me. I was talking to myself, asking myself for advice, sound asleep, and now you are

waking me up. Apart from that, there’s nothing more to say about it, the Jarmilaaffairis over anddonewith, asI wrote you yesterday—you may still get the letter. Incidentally, the letter you are sending me now comes from Jarmila. […] I don’t know how I'm supposed to ask her for that, I don’t know what you want; after all, I'll hardly see or write her anymore and the idea of writing her something like this—? I also understood yesterday’s telegram to mean I shouldn’t write StaSa anymore. I hope I understood it correctly. 189 Yesterday I spoke with Max once more about the Tribuna. For political reasonshe cannot agree to havesomethingappear in the Tribuna. But just tell me why you’d like to have something Jewish and I can suggest or sendyou many other things. I don’t know if you understood my remark about the essay on Bolshevism correctly. What the author takes exception to is, as far asI'm concerned, the highest possiblepraise. Janowitz’s address, in

case you didn’t receive the last letter: c/o Karl Maier, Berlin W 15 Lietzenburgerstrasse 32.—But I also wired it to you, I'm so distracted. Last evening I was with Pfibram. Old times. He spoke of you kindly and well, not at all like you were a “servant girl.” Incidentally, we (Max and I) treated him very badly, inviting him to join us for the evening, speaking innocuously for 2 hours about this and that and then suddenly attacking him(as a matter of fact, I led the attack) on the subject of his brother. But he defended himself brilliantly, his arguments were difficult to rebut; even invoking a former “patient” didn’t help much. But the attempt isn’t over yet. If someone had told me last night (when around 8:00 I looked in from the street on the banquet hall of the Jewish Rathaus, where well over 100 Russian-Jewish emigrants are being housed—the hall is packed as full as during a national assembly—while they wait here for their American visas; later,

at about 12:30 at might, I saw them there all asleep, one next to the other; they were even sleeping stretched out on chairs,here and there someone was coughing or turning over or walking carefully between the rows, the electric light is on throughout the night) if someone had told me last night I could be whatever I wanted, I would have chosen to be a small Jewish boy from the East, standing there in the corner without a trace of worry, his father talking with the men in the middle of the hall, 190 his heavily cladmother rummaging through the bundles they have brought for the journey, his sister chatting with the girls and scratching in her beautiful hair—and in a few weeks one will be in America. Of course it’s not that simple; there have been cases of dysentery, there are people standing outside shouting threats through the window, there’s even fighting among the Jews themselves: two have already gone at one another with knives. But if one is

small, able to grasp everything quickly and judge it properly, then what can happen?And plenty such boys were running around there, climbingover the mattresses, crawling underneath chairs and lying in wait for the bread which someone—they are all one people—was spreading with something—it is all edible. [Prague, September 10, 1920] Friday Your telegram just arrived.You're absolutely right, the way I took care of it was disconsolately stupid and clumsy, but nothing else was possible, for we are living in misunderstandings; _ our questions are rendered worthless by our replies. Now we have to stop writing one another and leave the future to the future. Since I'm only allowed to telephone Vlasta and not write her, I won’t be able to tell her until tomorrow. [Prague, September 14, 1920] Tuesday Today 2 letters came and the picture postcard. I hesitated to openthem.Youareeitherinconceivablykind or inconceivably191 self-controlled;

everything speaks for the first, some things for the second. I repeat: You were absolutely right. And if you—this is impossible—had inflicted on me something as inconsiderate, pigheaded, childishly foolish, smug, and even indifferent as I have done to you by what I said to Vlasta,I would have lost my mind, andnot just for the time it took to send a telegram. I only read the telegram twice, once briefly when I received it, and then days later when I tore it up. It’s difficult to describe this first reading; so many things came together at once. ~The clearest was that you were beating me; I think it began with “sofort,”* that was the blow. No, todayI can’t write about thatin detail, not becauseI'mparticularly tired, but becauseI'm “heavy.”I have been overcome by the nothingness I once described. I'm sure it would all be impossible to understand if I hadconsideredmyselfguilty whiledoingall theabove;in thatcase, I wouldhavebeen

justlybeaten.No,bothof us areguilty—andneither one. After overcoming all justifiable resistance, you may nevertheless be able to reconcile yourself to Vlasta’s letter whichyou'll find in Vienna. I went looking for her at your father’sapartment the very afternoon I got your telegram. Downstairs was a note saying “1 schody,”t I had always taken that to be the first story and now it was all the way upstairs. A young pretty happy maid opened the door. Vlasta wasn’t there; I had expectedthatbut hadwantedto dosomethingandfind out whenshe arrived in the morning. (According to an inscription on the door of the apartment, your father appears to be editor of theSportovniRevue.)So next morningI waitedfor herin front of the house; I liked her even better than last time—intelligent, candid, to thepoint. I didn’t say muchmore than whatI toldyou in my telegram. *Sofort: at once (German). tSchody: staircase (Czech).

your apprehensions concerning your father, next time. Jarmila came to see me in the office three days ago, shehadn’t heard from you in a long time, didn’t know anything about the flood and came to ask about you. It went all right. She only stayeda little while. I forgot to pass on your request concerning her writing; I then wrote her a few lines about that. I still haven’t read the letters carefully, I'll write again when I have. Now the telegram arrived as well. Really? Really? Andyou're no longer lashing out at me? No, you can’t be happy about it, that’s impossible; this is a telegram of the moment just like the other one and the truthisneitherherenor there.Sometimeswhenonewakesup in themorningone thinks that truth is right next to thebed,like an open grave with a few wilted flowers, ready to receive. I scarcely dare read the letters; I can only read themby spells; I can’t stand the pain. Milena—and once again I amparting your hair—am I such an evil

beast, evil toward myself and just as evil towardyou, or wouldn’t it be more correct to say the evil is hunting me, drivingme on?But I don’t evendare say that it is evil; just that when I'm writing you I think it 1sand then I say so. Otherwise it’s like I described. Whenever I write to yousleepis out of thequestion,bothbeforeandafter;whenI don’t write I at least get a few hours of shallow sleep. When I don’t write I'm merely tired, sad, heavy; when I do write I am torn by fear and anxiety. It seems we're both asking for sympathy; I ask you to let me crawl away somewhere; you ask me—but the fact that this is possible is the most terrible paradox. But how is it possible? you ask. What do I want? What amI doing? It’s more or less like this: I, an animal of the forest, was at that time hardly even in the forest; I was lying somewhere in a dirty ditch (dirtied only by my presence, of course) when I 193 saw you outside in the open—the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. I forgot

everything, forgot myself completely, I stoodup, approached—admittedly anxious within this new but familiar freedom—I ventured even closer, all the way up to you. You were so good, I crouched down beside you as if it were my right, I laid my facein your hand,I was so happy, so proud, so free,so mighty, somuchat home,againandagain: so much at home—butin essence I remained a mere animal, just part of the forest, living in the open only by your grace. I wasreading my destiny inside your eyes without knowing it (since I had forgotten everything). This couldn’t last. Although you were stroking me with the kindest of hands, you hadto recognizecertainpeculiaritiespointing to the forest,my true homeandorigin.Next camethenecessaryandnecessarilyrepeated discussions about the “fear,” which tortured me (and you, but you were innocent), to the point of touching my rawnerve;thefeelingkeptgrowinginsideme what an uncleanpest I was for you,

disturbing you everywhere, always getting in your way. The misunderstanding with Max touched on this; inGmiindit wasalready obvious, then camethe understanding and misunderstanding with Jarmila, and finally my stupidinsensitive-carelessbehavior with Vlasta and many minor incidents in between. I remembered who I was,and saw that your eyes were no longer deceived;I had the nightmare (of feeling at home in a place one doesn’t belong),but for me this nightmare was real. I had to return to the darkness, I couldn’t stand the sun, I was desperate, truly like an animal gone astray; I started running as fast as I could and still could not escape the thought:“If only I couldtake her with me!” and the counterthought: “But can there be any darkness where she resides?” You ask how I'm getting along; there’s your answer. [Prague, September 14, 1920]

Detournemaunt on the Work – Finale
Finale, Encore

I. A Review in Church of the Whole Process of Mingus and Lyrics

The review of Ilaan's works then is simply how to develop a process first and then move into the historical meaning of the word process, which can just develop in poetry and infinity or explore its formalisms and developments which then is how these two works finally – Indisernible and Inordinal is his works with Video Installation and Ilaana which then means three works in fact as published, the rest of his works being in fact only Delicate Sound of 1971 to be edited with other works – so four works.

Now he means it plans very well the novel in the sense of a magisterial construction which is the base and the writing which is developing the base and superstructure of a writerly project – he means even the expanse is finally covered in this work as simply modernity in the 19th century to the present and is busy in fact developing the following format –

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This means two parallel themes – On the Road and in fact Victor Hugo which is joined in a magisterial construction – this then is Spanish poetry joined to French poetry and Islamic poetry and Jewishness. He means it is busy being On the Road as well which develops in the second half of the previous work – he

then depicts that again in this work – the complexity of roads and therefore Cathedrals and architectural plans then is his point in simple means – but actually he means lives in perhaps Raymond Carver's sense of Shortcuts, that' what I call lyricism – here a profound version called Charles Mingus and Lyrics being described – why jazz is a man bending down and falling in his room.

II. Notation – Hebrew Bible – Greek Structures and General Process

In fact just Abraham, or Christ, or Israel, or Hebrew people or in fact Jacob and in fact Lesiah and Arab all of this is then ensembles which are finally truly a Hebrew Christian process.

It can be then that it is Lorcan and Lautremaunt like.

III. Greek Bible and Hebrew Bible

In fact creativity and dancing which is Rayuelismo.

IV. Derived into in fact – Photographs of Rayuelismo

In fact such pictures and cinemas are a Hebrew version of Bible.

V. Meditations by Intellectuals and Philosophers even Pope and Reverend and Priests

In fact then it has their cutting or intercutting as well – to keep the Rayuelismo alive for Ilaan and for us

speculation and theology, even philosophy as the process.

VI. Jewish Lives

In fact then Israel.

VII. Communism

Modern context of Christian processes like Paul.

VIII. Spanish Poetry and French poetry

Finally such a infinite speculation – only on science in fact of the language explored here – does infinity exist everywhere.

IX. Bible, Libraries and Housing forms – the Parsis

In fact then the Parsis win again on the housing Torah formalism.

X. Buddhism

Just a work life offered to them.

XI. Humour – that process called literary in fact

A lot of literary processes believe in humour and its essence, called Messianic jokes.

XII. Magesterial Construction – Spanish and French

In fact all of this is Mingus and Lyrics and can be read as an Opera – for the

philosophers to divine – the key philosophical process here is – process, like a jazz word or even a symphony word.